

The Dawn

Brooklyn Bounce

[Intro: Masta Killa]

We gon' take this back, crazy old school
Off the head one time, get a DJ something to a--
Chika chika chika chika chicka chicka chhhh
Get 'em something to scratch, yaknowhatimsayin?
My nigga Choco, Jam Master Jay on the 1's and 2's
It's Allah Math, Red Alert, Marley Marl
Kid Capri, Funkmaster Flex and uh, Mr. Cee
I can't forget, Sway and Tech
Jazz Joyce, DJ Clue, Cocoa Chanel
I be Jamel, I rocks the mic well, well
Rock the mic well, well, well..

[Masta Killa]

On and on, to the break of dawn
Hot Butter on, say what? The popcorn
Freak 'em to the left, while we rock 'em to the right
Brooklyn in the house, who wanna fight?
Can we bounce? Roll to the skate ya rock
Hip to the hop and ya don't dare stop
Come alive party people, gimme what you got
I guess by now you can take a hunch
Fine, I'm the ninth member of the bunch
Rockin' old school ain't shit to me
MC's OD on the shit that I wrote
Can we smoke while I'm drinkin'? I'm thinkin' of bonin'
Sugar, I wanna ride yo ass until the mornin'
Who you moanin: Jamel Arief, High Chief, comin' outta East Medins

[Chorus: Masta Killa]

Ladies in the house if ya clockin' Gs
Sippin' on drink, Long Island Iced Teas
Lookin' real good from ya toes to ya weave
Tell the fellas back up and like let ya breathe
Fellas in the house if ya know ya live
Punch niggaz in the face from Cali to Bed-stuy
Handlin' the steel if the shit get real
Just flip a pie and stack ya mil'

[Masta Killa]

Activation, mind starts sparkin'
Constant elevation, sky walkin'
David Thompson, my Wu niggaz stompin'
Down the boulevard, shakin' yo ass
You better watch yo self, I'm type slick
With a nice size --- lemme see you work it
She wanna suck it in public
Ol' Dirty Bastard can use it on the visitings, you wit it?
Then holla like wheels on appeal, don't squeel
Just keep it on the 'lils, for the Masta Kill
Just givin' you somethin' that y'all can feel
I see you in the hood, then ya fam from Tilden
Slid through the back of the buildin', heat concealed in
Stare to your place
Rae bomb the elevator, an Incarcerated Scarface, here, taste
The lace from the dominant race to the base
In ya face like paste, baby doll

Uh, uh, uh, uh, yes yes y'all
Welcome to the block party, shots lick off
You might wanna hit the deck, but stay calm
It's only us, every thing's steelwell plush
We freakin' the streets, the Shiek shows the beat {*echoes*}

[Interlude: RZA (U-God)]

One two, one two
I'ma try this one more time, son
Lemme in there, yo put that nigga back son
(Yeah, hit hard)

[Masta Killa]

Like... hip hop, like socialize
Clean out ya ears and ya open ya eyes
Liquid Sword to the city
Peace Allah Just, that's one of the committee
Let's hook up the 6 for a chess contest
Leave a little stress
I'll snatch a bag of the Uptown's best
Make ya love it when ya smell it
It's the velvet, block of chocolate for a hundred
Dredd' got pounds, if ya wanna get down
Or we can catch 'em on the next round
My universal sound is like world reknowned
World reknowned, world reknowned
My universal sound is like world reknowned {*echoes*}

[Chorus]